

Haven Archives



Archive IV

3/27/19

Hello sweetness...it has been a 23 days since we last kissed. Do you know how many hours that is? 552. That's 33120 minutes! Look at *ALL* that time. How many steps forward have you taken in your freedom from me? Even if it was only ONE step, that is everything.

Every morning, I'm up between 3:30-4:30 am, depending on the mighty Artemus, my naughty puppy. I get my coffee, go into my office and sit down in front of Maleficent, my beloved laptop. Before I check my socials, my website, my emails, before I dive back into the endless edit of FATE, my second book—before I do anything—I always look up.

See, I'm standing on the side of a huge mountain and at the top—is world domination.

Where everyone has my series in their greedy little hands. Movies. Merch. Fanfic. Comic-cons, dragon-cons, everything-cons. Millions of readers will become part of the Witch's Haven. The Banyans clan of the ebb—where *RIVER* takes place—will be built alongside Hogwarts in Disney. (Are you laughing at my arrogance?) That's alright, my sweet. I'll be the one laughing when I make the New York Times Best Seller List again and again and afuckinggain.

I'll finally get to buy my haunted castle/estate and run a writing retreat for other authors. Every wing in the castle will have a genre theme. Write horror? Try to write in the horror I create for you, whether by ghosts and demons or a sexy serial killer, you decide. But maybe you write romance? Beautiful men and women will wait on you hand and foot as you create a love that will last through the test of time. Or maybe erotica is more your style? Perfect, the Witch will personally show you how to dominate your pretty little pet. Or maybe you're a history buff? You tell me the century and events you're buried in and I'll turn your world back in time. Or maybe it's Sci-fi and space Opera that hold your fascination? Hold your breath my love, I'm fixing to fuck with your gravity. What about my fantasy writers? I can promise you that there will be unicorns and rainbows and shit. I'll have an enormous library with a heavily-staffed Starbucks

inside and lots of comfy couches and fat chairs to read for hours/days/weeks. You'll never want to leave. The Haven will be the perfect place for you to come and be brilliant.

Doesn't that sound badass?!

This isn't a hopeful dream for me—this is my battle plan.

Except, well...I'm barely off the ground.

And it's a *loooong* fucking way to world domination.

I don't care.

I don't look left.

I don't look right.

I don't look at the ground.

I don't look back at the painful path I took to get here.

Whispers of doubt and imposter syndrome keep me company.

Established authors watch me with cold disdain.

Haters smirk with malicious pleasure when I stumble.

My everyday life is wrapped around my neck like a fucking collar.

It's lonely.

It's impossible.

For every step I take forward, I slid back three.

I don't have a college degree, hell, I barely graduated high school. I have no awards to my name. No magazine articles under my stiletto-tipped fingers. I've never won any of the contests I've entered. I can't place a comma to save your life, nor do I even try to understand passive or present voice. (sorry Brian) I shudder at phrases like 'sentence structure'. I'm totally addicted to adverbs and the grammar police are always on my curvy ass.

I *know* that every story's been written.

Every tale has been re-imagined in at least three different ways and four different movies.

Every sad song has been sung.

Every funny joke has been told.

Everyone's the same. In a sea of faces, none stand out.

I know ALL of this and yet...my eyes *never* leave the top of the mountain.

I use all of that negative, hateful power to claw my way up.

Everyone and everything that stands in my way will be crushed without remorse. The bloodier the battle, the more exquisite the victory.

The only arrogance allowed here is *mine*.

NOTHING will stop me from reaching the top.

Now, my love...what is YOUR battle plan? What are you trying to accomplish with your writing or art or whatever the fuck you do? Great, now, what steps have you taken to make it your reality?

Think about it. Write it down. Tell no one. Read it every single morning when you get up. Read it when you're dragging ass at your day job. Read it when you're trying to make dinner *and* be a momma *and* write. Read it right before you go to bed at night. Live your life as if it's already happening. Change your mindset of *one day* this will happen, to, it's TODAY that it's happening. Enjoy the battle as you fight it. Relish in each step you manage to take. Let nothing stand in your way. YOU are your biggest enemy. Change your mindset and you can watch the world fucking *burn*.

Alright, let us get down to business. I was gonna do a YouTube channel and answer all your questions, but being that I'm a Witch and not a techie, I have decided to do a weekly Facebook live video instead, which will have the ***Dare I ask the Witch*** Q & A sess. I'll answer all of your questions, talk about RIVER, my witchy dreams and these sacred Archives. I'll let you know beforehand when I do the first one.

On Sunday, I did a live video on Instagram with the brilliant Sam Hendricks, at Kyanite Publishing. We talked about editing/branding yourself and what *not* to do when you're building your Author Platform. Did you catch it? If you didn't, that's ok, we'll be doing it again at some point.

Now that all the boring shit is over with, back to the **ebb**. Remember, we live in the **Karmaa divide**? And there are 4 Hystorias (worlds), blah, blah blah. **Luminary—Petrahfe—Isla—Earth**. And Ned, our naughty fiend, escaped his own world, the Luminary, and is now stomping around on Earth, fucking shit up. If you missed the first three Archives, you'll be totally lost, so, you need to go read them to really understand this fascinating story.

Now, let us begin...



Aftermath

Do you believe in Fate? Do you believe that the most important moments of your life...have already been written by powers bigger than you?

If Niveous and Graven's fathers hadn't been such selfish little pricks, would any of this have happened?

Would Ned have found another way to escape his boring life in the abyss?

Would he have been able to find a way out of the Luminary?

Would he have ever met the Dolls?

And would Dawn have ever torn down the palisade *without* Ned's ruin?

Was this all predestined or...just a terrible accident? Does it really matter up to this point? Prolly not.

These questions remained unanswered as River told me about Ned coming to Earth and messing with both worlds. As the story unfolded, something about it bothered me (which I mentioned in the last Archive) but it wasn't until we were buried deep in FATE, book 2, and River showed me the actual incident with Dawn that it hit me.

If there was a palisade separating the *ebb* from the Outside world...how the hell was Ned able to go back and forth between them?

River told me it was purely by accident. One day, Ned was fucking around with a human. When he accidentally killed her, her spirit left her body and hovered in front of him. Delighted, he reached out and grabbed it. The next thing he knew, he

was in the *ebb*. He stood there in surprise, still holding the spirit. After he swallowed the poor girl up, he wondered if he could do the same thing to go back. After capturing a Mermaid, he immediately killed her, and it rollercoasted his ass back to the Outside. The piles of discarded bodies that grew in both worlds spoke of a sadistic adrenaline junky who obeyed no moral law. And here, you were thinking that it was called the Dark Ages because people didn't write shit down...

Oh, and on top of this discovery? When Ned sacrificed a specie of the *ebb*, he found out that he got to keep a bit of their power and gifts. His own power was already impressive but added in all these new gifts? He was fast becoming something that no world or divide had ever seen before.

You know, up to this point, I had viewed Ned as a bored little brat that just wanted an adventure when in reality, Ned was a vicious fiend; an ancient darkness that forcefully wove itself into our tapestry of life.

So, now, we are at the point where Dawn tore down the palisade, right? And the humans caught sight of the Mermaids, Dryads and Imps, and even though daddy Rourke forbade them from mating, the sexual attraction was fucking violent and everyone was in the *mood*.

But...wait...if a Mermaid had a tail, then how in the hell could a human mate with one?

Well, see the Mermaids could walk on land and when they returned to their sea, their pretty tail would magically come back.

But the merge did some crazy shit. A human body was never meant to hold *power*. After a lot of Netflix and chill, all kinds of littles started being born, with weird birth defects. Almost every momma gave birth to twins because her body didn't know what to make, so it made two babies. Another weird thing was their eyes. When a little would get angry or scared, their eyes would glow neon. A total shocker for first-time parents too. It was all like, "*How was your day, dear?*" "*Oh, well, um, Henrietta's eyes started glowing but other than that...*"

Also, in the first couple generations the littles lived very short lives. If their body didn't explode a year or two after they were born—I'm not even joking, where do you think spontaneous combustion came from?—they only lived till their twenties. Most still exploded and it was quite messy and everyone was extremely jumpy and dealing with major PTSD but...over time, their bodies became more durable and hardly anyone explodes now.

And like I said in Archive III, the species merged into new ones. The powerful

Mermaids became a cursed legacy of half-human, half-Maid, losing their tails completely but they can still breathe underwater, and the telepathic Dryads paled into a Fair, while the sweet little Imps were twisted into the raging, burning Witch.

So, by this time, our girl Dawn was feeling a little guilty and she tried to right her wrong. She made it impossible for a human to step foot in any of the clans *without* permission. So, the Castle, the Banyans and the Cove are all protected, while the Haven itself is in another dimension and you really can't get there from here.

As promised, I got wordy (sorry Goddess) so I shall leave you for now.

In Archive V, I'll tell you about the one seemingly innocent event that almost wiped out both worlds, along with the election of the first King of the *ebb* and one crazy urban myth that'll make you question what is real in our world...and what isn't.



Also, if you have any questions for my **_Dare I ask the Witch_** Q & A sess, DM me on any of my socials.

Until then, many blessings and curses, whichever you have coming for you and as always, your faithful Witch.

The Witch owns this story by blood and rite.



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